the Deccan and the Concan are veiled in a shimmering garment, and Bombay harbour lies like a silver streak below, and the square-cut mountains form natural forts and battle-ments, and hide the silent aisles of dim, mysterious cathedrals belonging to a bygone faith in their womb. All these speak to the spirit who can hear of the world's stories and romances, of the magic and sorceries of dif-ferent civilisations who have successively dyed it with their blood as Pyramus stained the mulberry tree with his life's current.

Then, if one travels southward across the rolling, sandy plains .of the Deccan, one comes upon a phantom city rising suddenly from the desert, as in a mirage, its domes and columns, its green trees shading buildings some of the most magnificent ever made by mortal hands. Few people know that the largest dome in the whole world, larger than St. Paul's dome, larger than the Pantheon, is in a deserted city of the Deccan.

Still fewer know that Elizabeth of England

had a contemporary queen of parallel greatness —a dusky sister of the Deccan—no whit behind her in intellect and strength. It is as though Asia, jealous ror the pre-eminence of

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